

A SCOTCH CATHOLIC SETTLEMENT IN CANADA.

"You will hear more Gaelic spoken in Canada in one week than you would hear during a month's sojourn in the Highlands!" Such was the astounding assertion made some time ago at a Montreal dinner-table by a Scottish laird, himself of Canadian birth, and an extensive landowner in Ontario as well as in North Britain. And such is indeed the case. Along the shore of Lake St. Francis, and beyond, where the broad blue ribbon of the St. Lawrence is dotted with tiny verdant islets, among which loyal Canadians peep shyly across to the State of New York, dwell a sturdy race of men as truly Highland in heart and speech as when they left their beloved hills a hundred years ago. A nature, if loyal to one attachment, will be loyal to all. These Highlanders in Canada have preserved their faith and have adhered to their language and traditions.

To visit the Gael in the home of his adoption you leave Montreal, going by railroad westward for about two hours and a half, and arrive at Lancaster, the county town of Glengarry, the home of the *Chlanadh nan Gael*. Glengarry is the most easterly county of Ontario, and is one of those into which the district of Lunenburg was divided in 1792. It is bounded on the east by County Soulanges, on the north by Prescott, west by County Stormont—also largely peopled with Scotch settlers—and on the south by the St. Lawrence.

The county comprises four townships: Charlottenburg, Lancaster, Lochiel, and Kenyon. These are again subdivided into "concessions," and the concessions into lots. Lancaster, the county town, is in the township of Charlottenburg and lies on the banks of the Rivière-aux-Raisins. It is the outlet for produce from the inland villages, and the place of starting for stage-coaches to different points. The roads here are atrocious, and the coaches "rattle your bones over the stones" while taking you through a country so magnificent that you wonder why the dwellers therein do not *mend their ways*. In Charlottenburg are also the parishes of St. Raphael's, Martintown, and Williamstown. The township of Lancaster lies east of Charlottenburg, and was called the "sunken township" on account of the first French settlers having considered it too swampy for habitation. Lochiel lies to the north and boasts of quite

a rising town, Alexandria, containing seven hundred inhabitants, a high-school, and a convent under the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Kenyon is north of Charlottenburg, and is, like the others, a country of magnificent agricultural development.

The counties of Stormont and Dundas are, if we except a few Germans, entirely Scotch, but are not Catholic, as is Glengarry. The pioneer settlers were from the valley of the Mohawk, whither many had emigrated from Scotland and from Germany before the Revolution. When the proclamation of peace in 1783 deprived the Scottish soldiers who formed the Royal New York Regiment, under Sir John Johnson, of their occupation, nothing was left for them but to accept the offer of the British government and settle on lands granted them in Canada West. Loyalty came more natural to their mountain instincts than policy, and they were in those days much more conscientious than practical.* Each soldier received a grant of a hundred acres fronting on the river, and two hundred within the county on which he settled. That these people were for the main part Protestant is easily seen by the names which they bestowed on their villages, such as Matilda, Williamstown, Charlotte, and Mariatown, which latter was, we are told, "called after Captain Duncan's daughter Maria." There were many Catholics also in Sir John Johnson's regiment, and they probably turned the first sod in what is now Glengarry; but the real influx of Catholic Highlanders did not take place until 1786 and 1802.

Throughout the last century religious persecution prevailed in the Highlands of Scotland, not in actual strife or bloodshed, but in the merciless bigotry and continued obstruction that comes so readily to those "children of this world, who are wiser in their generation than the children of light." The old chieftains who had clung to their God and their sovereign were attainted, incarcerated in Edinburgh Castle or in the Tower of London, and their sons of tender age, removed from the influence of early associations, were the helpless pupils of the sanctimonious *dominies*, who banished from their young minds every ray of Catholic hope and joy, and sent them back to their country as strangers and sojourners—sometimes as fierce denouncers of the faith in which they were born.

Strong in loyalty and conservative to the heart's core, for years the powerful clan of MacDonald escaped unscathed. Descended from the mighty Somerled, Thane of Argyle, by his marriage with the daughter of Olaf, surnamed the Red, the Nor-

* The writer of this article, it is well to note, is a loyal Canadian.—ED. C. W.

wegian King of the Isles, this branch of *Sìol Cuin* (the race of Conn) had accepted the faith of St. Columba, the "royal O'Neil," and never wavered from his teachings. For centuries they had lived and died Catholics, and the bones of their chieftains had been

"Carried to Colme's Kill, the
Sacred storehouse of their predecessors,
And guardian of their bones."

In rugged Inverness, where the mighty houses of Clanranald and Glengarry, divided by Loch Nevish, held watch and ward over the heather-clad mountains and deep and dangerous arms of the sea; back through the braes of Lochaber to where the McDonells of Keppoch dwelt under the shadow of Ben Nevis; over the Sound of Sleat, by whose waters MacDonald of that ilk kept his enemies at bay, and westward to the wild rocks of the Hebrides, the clan Donald practised their faith. By dint of much caution, and with great labor, these faithful mountaineers were fed with the sacraments of their church. Priests' heads were then as valuable as were those of wolves in the days of Alfred, and if a *saggarth* was caught by "the Reformed" woe to him! In spite of these dangers, young men escaped to the Continent, and in the Scots' College, Rome, and at Valladolid, in Spain, studied for the priesthood. After their ordination they would return to their beloved hills to brave death and save souls. Jesuits and Irish secular priests, outlawed, and with a price set upon them dead or alive, sought this remote field for their devoted labors.

Across the rough gray waters of the Gulf of Hebrides, in many a cave and sheltered nook of the island of South Uist, the clansmen, in their belted tartans, assisted at the Holy Sacrifice and received the Bread of Heaven. Like the Israelites, they "ate it with their loins girt, and standing," for the morning mist rolling off Benbecula might disclose to them a watchful foe, and the waves of Minch, now trembling in the dawn of day, might, ere the sun climbed beyond the mountains' crest, bear on their bosom the boat of the Sassenach spy. If the spy were not well attended and strongly armed it would be worse for him, for meekness and gentleness were Christian characteristics not strongly marked in this race, and they acted literally on St. Paul's injunction to be "*first pure and then peaceable.*" Their precept was, *Luathic do liamh agus cruadhich do Chuille*—"Quicken thy hand and harden thy blows." An amusing specimen of this spirit is handed down

from the prayer of a clansman before the battle of Sheriffmuir ;
 "O Lord ! be thou with us ; but, if thou be not with us, be not
 against us, but leave it between the red-coats and us !"

At last some among this chosen people of God fell, lured by
 the inducements of the supporters of the Elector of Hanover, as
 they had persistently called his Britannic majesty. Not content
 with embracing Calvinism themselves, they endeavored to inocu-
 late their people. One, indeed, tried an untoward application by
 means of severe blows from his *Bati-bui*—or yellow walking-stick—
 with which he hoped to induce his tenantry to repair to the Protes-
 tant meeting-house. To this day Calvinism is spoken of by the
 descendants of those people as *Credible a bhati-bui*—the religion of
 the yellow stick. The tyranny of these foes of their own house-
 hold, combined with the poverty and wretchedness prevailing
 throughout the Highlands, caused many of the MacDonalds and
 their Catholic neighbors to turn their thoughts to America,
 whence came alluring stories of plenty and peace. At home the
 country had been drained to provide means for the insurrection
 which they hoped would put their exiled prince on the throne
 of the Stuarts. The ravages of war had laid their lands waste,
 the more progressive Lowlanders and the absentee nobles
 were turning the tenant-holdings into sheep-walks, inch by
 inch their birthright was leaving them, their dress was forbid-
 den, their arms seized, their very language was made contra-
 band ; so, facing the difficulty like brave men, they determined
 to emigrate. In the year 1786 two ships sailed from Scot-
 land to Canada filled with emigrants. The first left early in
 the season, but sprang a leak and was obliged to put into Bel-
 fast for repairs ; resuming her voyage, she reached the American
 coast too late to attempt making Quebec harbor, and therefore
 landed her passengers at Philadelphia. The emigrants were lodged
 in a barracks evacuated by the troops after the proclamation
 of peace, but in the course of the winter a third misfortune befell
 them : the barracks took fire and burned to the ground, consuming
 in the flames their worldly all. These poor pilgrims then went
 through to Lake Champlain in boats, and were met at Ile-aux-
 Noix by their friends who had already established themselves in
 Ontario. Who but Highland hearts would undertake such a
 journey for friends ? At a bad season of the year, over slushy
 roads, when time was precious and horseflesh valuable, they
 started in capacious sleighs for their old friends and kindred,
 and drove them to the forest that was to be their home, housing
 and feeding them until their own log-houses were erected.

The second band of emigrants before referred to had a much more prosperous voyage. They were from Knoydart, and were under the leadership of the Rev. Alexander MacDonald, of the family of Scothouse, a cousin of the chief of Glengarry. He was a man of courage and strong will, and marshalled his flock with prudence and discretion. As the good ship *MacDonald* glided out of the harbor of Greenock the priest addressed his flock and put them under the protection of St. Raphael, the guide of the wanderer. A few moments later there was a wail of terror: the ship was aground. "*Sios air er glunean, agus dianibh urnaigh*"—"Down on your knees and pray!"—thundered the priest; St. Raphael interceded, the ship slid off, and in the *Quebec Gazette*, 1786, is this entry:

"Arrived, ship *MacDonald*, from Greenock, with emigrants, nearly the whole of a parish in the north of Scotland, who emigrated with their priest and nineteen cabin passengers, together with five hundred and twenty steerage passengers, to better their case, up to Cataraqui."

Cataraqui was the ancient name for Kingston; there, however, they did not go, but to what is now known as St. Raphael's parish, some miles north of Lancaster. Here they fell to work, in spite of numerous hardships, to construct their houses, and also to build the pioneer church, called "Blue Chapel." Of course church and parish were dedicated to their archangel guardian. In the year 1802 another very large party of emigrants arrived from Glengarry, Inverness-shire, who, settling near the earlier comers, gave the name of their native glen to the whole district. During the winter of 1803 the good priest of St. Raphael's fell ill far away from any comfort or from medical aid to soothe or assuage his malady; he was deprived, too, of the services of a brother priest to administer the consolations of religion. His people rallied round him, and the strongest men came forward; they constructed a *leabaith ghulain*, and carried him upon it through the forest paths and over the snow mountains to Williamstown. Hence, when the ice broke up, he was taken in a canoe down Rivière-aux-Raisins to the mission at Lachine, where he died on the 19th of May, 1803. He was succeeded in St. Raphael's by a Father Fitzsimmons.

The chronicle of the emigrants of 1802 introduces one of the grandest figures in Canadian history—the Rev. Alexander (Allastair) MacDonald, or MacDonell, later the first bishop of Upper Canada. He was of the House of Glengarry, a branch of clan Donald now generally recognized as inheriting the chieftainship of the

whole clan. For services rendered to the royal house of Stuart they were rewarded by Charles II. with a peerage under the title of Lord MacDonell and Arross. The Rev. Alexander MacDonald was born at Innishalaggan in 1760, and studied at Valladolid.

About the year 1790 trade between the river Clyde and the North American colonies had been greatly injured by the proclamation of peace and the independence of those colonies, and the merchants of Glasgow and Greenock turned their attention to the importation and manufacture of cotton. This branch of industry grew rapidly, and in 1793 over eighty thousand people were employed in it. The great demand for labor drained the agricultural districts and sent up the price of all kinds of provisions. The lairds, finding they could obtain so ready a market, determined that it would be more to their advantage to turn their mountain estates into sheep-walks than to allow them to be occupied by the numerous and poor clansmen, who were indifferent farmers and could scarcely obtain from the soil sufficient for their own maintenance. Accordingly the tenants were turned adrift; sometimes two hundred gave place to one south-country shepherd, or, as the local phraseology expressed it, "Two hundred smokes went through one chimney." These poor people were destitute and helpless; they had never been beyond the gray line of ocean that washes the rocks of the Hebrides and runs into the deep indentures of the Inverness-shire coast. The southern language was to them an unknown tongue; to make or to take care of money was beyond their ken. The means of emigration were denied them. British cruisers had orders from the Admiralty to prevent the departure of emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland, and to press such able-bodied men as they found on board of emigrant-ships. It was when affairs were in this pitiable state that the Rev. Dr. MacDonald came to the rescue. Leaving the scene of his missionary labors on the borders of Perth, he repaired to Glasgow, where he obtained an introduction to the principal manufacturers. He proposed to them that they should give employment to his destitute countrymen. This they were willing enough to do, but reminded the priest of two obstacles: one, their ignorance of the English language; the other, their profession of the Catholic faith. At that time the prejudice against Catholics was so strong in Glasgow that they were always in danger of insult and abuse. It was hardly safe for a priest to reside among them; he would be subject to annoyance and assault, and, as the penal laws were still in force, he would also be liable to be brought before a court of justice. Dr. MacDonald

expressed his conviction that "although the letter of the law was in force, the spirit of it was greatly mitigated," and declared that if the manufacturers would take the Highlanders under their protection he would run his chances of safety and take up his residence among them as interpreter and clergyman. This was agreed to, and from 1792 to 1794 the plan worked admirably. Then came the war with France. The manufacturers received a sudden check; many failed, and others were almost at a stand. The poor Highlanders were again out of employment and again destitute. Dr. MacDonald then conceived the plan of getting them embodied in a Highland corps under his kinsman called Alastair *Ruagh* (the red), the young chief of Glengarry. He assembled a meeting of Catholics at Fort Augustus in February, 1794, when an address was drawn up to the king, offering to raise a Catholic corps under the command of the young chieftain, who with Fletcher, the laird of Dunfries, proceeded to London to lay it before the king. It was most graciously received; the manufacturers of Glasgow warmly seconded it, furnishing cordial recommendations of the Highlanders, and in August letters of service were issued to Alexander MacDonell, of Glengarry, to raise the Glengarry Fencible Regiment as a Catholic corps, of which he was appointed colonel. The Rev. Dr. MacDonald was gazetted chaplain to this regiment, which did service in Guernsey and afterwards in Ireland.

An anecdote is told of them at Waterford which shows the honest simplicity of their nature and their ignorance of worldly wisdom. When they entered the town billet-money was distributed among them. Before night the order was countermanded; they were ordered to New Ross. Being told of this, each honest Scot *returned his billet-money!* While they were quartered in Connemara two young men named Stewart were brought by the commanding officer before a drum-head court-martial, whereupon a private stepped out of the ranks, recovered his arms, saluted his colonel, and said:

"Ma dhoirtear diar di fhuil nan Stuibhartich an a sho a noc, bi stri s'anchuis"—"If there will be a drop of the Stewart blood spilt here to-night there will be trouble." "Go back to the ranks, you old rebel," was the answer; but the Stewarts escaped scot-free. The colonel at this time was not Glengarry, but his cousin Donald MacDonell, who was afterwards killed at Badajos at the head of the "forlorn hope."

The regiment was disbanded in 1802, and the men were again as destitute as ever. Their chaplain then set out for Lon-

don, and entered into a negotiation with the government in the hope of obtaining assistance to further their emigration to Upper Canada. This plan was opposed, and the government offered to settle them in Trinidad. Dr. MacDonald, however, persevered, and at length procured from Mr. Addington, the premier, an order to grant two hundred acres of land to every Highlander who should arrive in the province. After enduring extreme opposition from Highland landlords, governors, and members of Parliament—even from the Prince of Wales, who offered them land in Cornwall—the devoted priest obtained the desire of his heart and saw his beloved people sail for Canada in 1802. As has been before said, they named their new home after their native glen, and every head of a family called his plantation after the farm he had possessed among the grand old hills of Inverness-shire.

It must not be thought that all the Catholic settlers were MacDonells (or MacDonalds). Among those of 1784 we find the name of Fraser, McLennan, Hay, Rose, Glasford, and others; among the bands of 1786 were Grants, McIntoshes, McWilliamses, McDougalls, McPhees, McGillises, McGillivrays, McCuaigs, and Campbells. Those of 1802 were more than half MacDonalds.

In 1804 Dr. MacDonald followed his people to Canada. He proceeded first to visit the Rev. Roderick (Rory) MacDonald at the Indian mission of St. Regis, then went to Kingston. During this time the people of St. Raphael's had taken a dislike to Father Fitzsimmons and clamored to have him removed, probably because they saw a chance of having his place filled by their beloved pastor of old days. Father Roderick, from St. Regis, reasoned with them by letter, but in vain. At last a sturdy clansman, John MacDonald, surnamed "Bonaparte," pushed his way from St. Raphael's to Quebec in midwinter, 1805, and laid his petition before Bishop du Plessis, who came to Glengarry in the summer of the same year and appointed Dr. MacDonald parish priest of St. Raphael's.

The people's joy was very great at having their beloved priest with them once more. They gathered from near and far to bid him welcome. The little "Blue Chapel" was filled to overflowing; devout worshippers knelt along the aisles, on the doorsteps, and out on the short, crisp grass of the woodland meadows. When the notes of the *Tantum Ergo* rose on the air they pictured the Benediction service in their former home, where they had knelt on the heather of the beloved glen, through whose mountains their clear, wild music had so often sounded that hymn of adora-

tion, borne along the rippling waves of the Garry to float over the waters of dark Loch Ness and echo amid the wild hills of Glen More. The "Blue Chapel" was soon too small for the parishioners, and Dr. MacDonald went home to Scotland in 1819 to procure assistance toward the erection of a larger church. During his absence he was elected bishop of Upper Canada. He returned in 1820, bringing with him from Glasgow a stonemason, who set about building the present parish church of St. Raphael's. The bishop was consecrated in Montreal in 1820, and was received in Glengarry with a great display of rejoicing. After remaining there for two years he removed to Kingston, which place became his home, the diocese having been divided and Bishop Power appointed bishop of Toronto. Bishop Gaulin, coadjutor to Bishop MacDonald, was assistant priest at St. Raphael's after 1812, as the bishop was constantly travelling. Bishop MacDonald organized his immense diocese, bought land, built convents and churches, also founded at St. Raphael's the College of Iona, a portion of which was built in 1818 for a public school; the western part was added for ecclesiastics in 1826. Here he taught himself, aided by professors whom he obtained from Montreal. Fourteen ecclesiastics were ordained from this primitive seat of learning. The bishop's house, built in 1808, is a spacious stone mansion capable of accommodating many persons, and fronting on a large garden laid out in 1826 by a gardener whom he brought out from Scotland. The bishop seems here to have found rest and solace among his flowers. He founded the Highland Society and encouraged among the people the preservation of their nationality. In a pastoral still extant he expresses himself very strongly against "those radicals who aim at the destruction of our holy religion," and strives to inculcate on his people a spirit of moderation and gratitude to the government, who had certainly befriended them better than had their own natural chieftains at home. When he crossed the Atlantic in 1819 the bishop endeavored to interest Cardinal Wilde in his Glengarry colony, and, it is said, wanted him to visit Upper Canada, his eminence being then not even a priest, simply a very wealthy widower.

In 1840 the venerable prelate went home to Scotland for the last time, and visited an old friend, Father Gardiner, in Dumfries, in whose arms he died. Mortal illness seized him before he reached the end of his journey, and his first words of greeting were: "Dear old friend, I've come to die with you." His remains were brought to St. Raphael's, then removed to Kingston

in 1860. Thus passed away one of the grandest men whom God ever sent to hew for his people a path through the wilderness.

Among those who came out in the ship *MacDonald* were one John MacDonald, of the MacDonalds of Loupe, and Anna McGillis, his wife, with three children. The three multiplied to nine before many years passed, and of these two sons entered the church; the eldest, Æneas (Angus), joined the Sulpicians and passed forty years as a professor in the Montreal seminary. He then retired to Glengarry, where, at the age of eighty, he died universally beloved. Two brothers and two sisters died, aged respectively ninety-eight, eighty-two, seventy-three, and sixty-seven years; there are now living in Cornwall two brothers and one sister, aged eighty-eight, eighty-one, and seventy-eight years. The second son, John, studied for the priesthood, and soon after his ordination was an assistant at St. Raphael's; thence he was removed to Perth, where he suffered many hardships for ten years. He was vicar-general of Kingston and parish priest of St. Raphael's for many years, and died at Lancaster on the 16th of March, 1879, in the ninety-seventh year of his age.

This latter was a man of very determined character and somewhat stern in his treatment of his flock, who one and all obeyed him as little children. It was no uncommon thing in those days to see a man with a sheep-skin on his head or a wooden gag in his mouth—a penance awarded by Father John. A pulpit was a conventionality that he scorned; he always addressed his people while walking to and fro behind the Communion railing. If any luckless wight incurred his displeasure he was pitilessly and publicly rebuked, though sometimes the worm turned. For instance:

"John Roy MacDonald, leave this church." Dead silence. "John Roy MacDonald, I say *leave this church*." John Roy MacDonald rises and goes slowly and solemnly out, stepping carefully over the far-apart logs that did duty for a floor.

Father John proceeds with his sermon, when creak, creak, creak, back over the logs comes John Roy MacDonald and calmly resumes his seat.

"John Roy MacDonald, did I not tell you to leave this church?"

"Yes, Maister Ian, and I will be for to go out of the church for to pleass you, and now I wass come pack for to pleass myself!" It was not the ancient Scotch custom to call priests *father*; hence Father John was always spoken to and of as Maister Ian.

Through great and manifold hardships have these people worked their way to comfort and ease. Coming from a life of freedom, and in many instances careless idleness, in a sea-girt home where a wealth of fresh fish was always to be had for very slight exertion, agricultural labor was almost unknown to them. In Canada they found themselves obliged to work hard and in the face of disheartening obstacles. Their new home was in many parts either swamp-land or else sandy and full of stones; the stones had to be picked up and made into walls to divide the farms, and the swamp-land drained and reclaimed. Often they had to lay roads of logs across the marshes and jump from one log to another, carrying on their backs bags of grain to be ground at Williamstown, where Sir John Johnson had erected a mill. Williamstown is to-day a thriving place, with a fine convent and as pretty a church as there is to be found in Canada. All these obstacles they surmounted as became the hardy mountaineers they were, and from their ranks came some of the celebrated characters of Canadian history, such as the first Speaker of the Upper Canadian Parliament, which met at Niagara, September 17, 1792—Colonel John MacDonell, of Greenfield, for many years member for Glengarry and attorney-general. He was colonel of the Glengarry Fencibles raised for the War of 1812, and was killed while serving under Brock at Queenstown Heights.

* Simon Fraser, of the house of Lovat, descended from Mrs. Fraser, of Kilbuckry (the best female [Scotch] Gaelic scholar of her time, who instructed the Jesuit Farquarson in that language and was one of the means of keeping the faith from extinction in the Highlands), was born in Glengarry; he became a partner in the Northwest Company, and on one of his exploring expeditions discovered the Fraser River.

From St. Raphael's came the family of Sandfield MacDonald, of which the late Hon. John Sandfield MacDonald was the eldest son. He was one of the most brilliant politicians of his time, and premier of the Canadian government. His brother, the Hon. D. A. MacDonald, one of the crown ministers of the late Liberal or *Grit* government, was lieutenant-governor of Ontario for five years.*

Among the "places of interest" to a Catholic stranger in Canada West there is none more delightful than St. Raphael's, where so many historic memories meet and touch, and, inter-

* Mother St. Xavier, for years the respected superior of the Ursuline Convent in Quebec, also was born in Glengarry.

weaved with the faith that is in them, live on in the hearts of the people. It is difficult of access; so are most poetic places nowadays. You leave Lancaster in a "Black Maria" that groans and creaks and bounces over the road in a way that will test your nerves. Your driver is a yellow-haired Gael with a tendency to moralize on the evils of intemperance; but as he speaks the wind wafts over his shoulder his breath, tainted with an unmistakable odor of John Barleycorn. As you leave Lancaster a wayside workshop strikes your eye, neat, white, and dapper. From its eave depends a sign; you expect at the most an intimation that festive buggies and neat jaunting-sleighs are made within; but no: "*A large supply of elegant coffins always on hand!*" This singular *memento mori* sets you thinking until you come to the end of your seven-mile drive and dismount at "Sandfield's Corner," your oscillating conveyance going jolting on to Alexandria. You follow in the wake of a barefooted small boy whose merry black eyes proclaim him an interloper and a Frenchman. Along the side of the old "military road" you go under elm-trees of giant height until you reach the quaint old hamlet dedicated to "Raphael the healer, Raphael the guide." Village there is none; only a post-office and store, an inn, a school-house, two cottages, with the church, presbytery, and college. The former stands on the brow of a hill and is remarkably large and lofty for a country church. On a chiselled slab over the door you read:

TEAG DE. *
 IIDCCXXI.

High De.

Entering you are struck by the bareness of the vast roof, unsupported by pillars or galleries. The sanctuary is formed by a rood-screen dividing it from the passage that connects the sanctuaries. Behind this screen is a white marble slab bearing the inscription:

On the 18th of June, 1843,
 the Highland Society of Canada
 erected this tablet to the memory of
 the Honorable and Right Reverend
 ALEXANDER MACDONELL,
 Bishop of Kingston,
 Born 1760—Died 1840.
 Though dead he still lives
 in the hearts of his countrymen.

* House of God.

Under the floor at the gospel side of the sanctuary lie the mortal remains of the good and revered Father John. Upon the main altar a statue of the patron of the church, St. Raphael, the "human-hearted seraph"—imported from Munich by the present parish priest, Father Masterson—looks as full of beauty and compassion as even Faber has portrayed him.

The side altars have also fine statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and the church throughout gives evidence of tasteful care. In the graveyard there are many old tombs, of which the inscriptions are defaced by time. One of the oldest bears the date of 1828, and on it the passer-by is requested, "in the name of God," to pray for the soul of Mary Watson, spouse of Lieutenant Angus McDonell, Glengarry Light Infantry. Near the church there was a building called a convent, but the bishop never succeeded in obtaining nuns for the mission. The enclosure across the road is occupied by the presbytery and college, now used as a chapel in which Mass is said daily, and in which, when the writer first saw it, the descendants of the mountaineers were repeating the rosary on a golden May evening. The building is small, and has, of course, been greatly altered, all the partitions having been removed to render it fit for use as a chapel. The garden of the bishop is still a mass of bloom, and in its centre walk stands a moss-grown sun-dial, whereon we trace :

" R. J. McD. 1827 "

—a relic of *Maister Ian*. From the wall of one of the rooms in which he lived the grand old bishop's portrait looks down on his people. It shows a man of commanding figure and noble and benign aspect, withal bearing a striking resemblance to the pictures of Sir Walter Scott. The church, house, college, and garden have been much improved by Father Masterson, who succeeded Father John, after being his assistant for many years.

The people of Glengarry seem to live on very good terms with their Protestant neighbors, and tell with pleasure of Father John's custom of reading the Bible aloud to those of them who wished him to do so. The bishop was revered by all sects, and when he received visitors of state in Kingston the wife of the Protestant minister used to go over to do the honors of his house. All through the country the farms are equal, if not superior, to any others of the Dominion, and are graced by magnificent trees. The roads are bordered with beech, ash, birch, tamarack, maple, butternut, spruce, willow, and pine, while the elms in every direc-

tion offer studies for an artist in their rugged and graceful curves. These elms were the staple commodity for export, and the year in which the people found no market for their wood was one in which their sufferings were extreme; they still speak of it as "the year of elms." A small river called the Beaudette winds through the country. On each side of it are marsh-lands, covered in places with low-sized bushes; water scenery is certainly wanting to Glengarry.

The Highlanders are grave and serious, clannish as of old, standing by each other "*guaillean ri guaillean*" (shoulder to shoulder) in all disputes. The old antipathy between the clans is still in some instances cherished. It is a well-known fact that a young lawyer of Glengarry, who is, in the opinion of many, heir to the title and chieftainship, actually refused, some time ago, to accept an invitation to dine with the Marquis of Lorne, declaring that a MacDonell could not and would not be the guest of a Campbell of Argyle!

The national dress is rare now and only comes out, like the bagpipes, on state occasions. The girls, in spite of Father John's penances, have cultivated their decided talent for dancing, but there is generally none of the gayety and careless amusement so common among the French-Canadians. Hospitality is a predominant characteristic of the Highlanders—a hospitality so generous, sincere, and hearty that, having experienced it, you will be ready to say with Burns:

"When death's dark stream I ferry o'er—
A time that surely shall come—
In heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome."

A. M. Pope
By Miss A. M. Pope.
